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THAKOMBAU, A KING OF FIJI.

There are few spots in all the earth where such sudden and marvellous changes have been wrought by the preaching of the gospel as have been witnessed among the Fiji Islands within the last forty years. These islands are over two hundred in number, though some of them are very small. The scenery in various portions of the group is described as being of wonderful beauty, but the people were notoriously brutal and vile. They were cannibals of the worst sort, and every kind of iniquity flourished on every island. What we may be able to tell in a few pages of the life of one man, Thakombau, king of the island of Bau, will well illustrate what the Fijians were before the gospel reached them, and what they have become since they *lotued*, as they say, that is, received the Christian religion.

Thakombau is still living, and Mrs. Gordon Cumming, in her entertaining book of travel *At Home in Fiji*, describes him as a very fine old man, stately and chief-like in his bearings, and with clear, penetrating eyes. She heard him on New Year's morning, in 1870, offer the first prayer in a great assembly of natives gathered for worship, and she speaks of his prayers as striking and very touching. But what of his youth?

HIS CRUELTIES.

He was born in 1817, and was the son of Tanoa, the savage and blood-thirsty ruler of Bau. In his childhood he was called Seru, and when six years old was taken on one of the warlike expeditions which in those days were of frequent occurrence. The party to which he belonged was victorious, and after fifty men had been killed, a lad about two years older than himself was captured and held down before Seru, while he beat him to death with a club. This was the young chief's *first victim*, and the lesson in cruelty which he so early learned was not forgotten. We are loth to repeat some of the stories of his cruelties, and yet how else can it be known what has been accomplished in him and among his people through the gospel of Jesus Christ?

Among the terrible facts narrated by Mr. Waterhouse, an English missionary, who, after years of unavailing effort, was at last permitted to reside at Bau, are the following. While the old king, Tanoa, was living, he encouraged his son to put to death all who might be suspected as enemies. *Thakombau* was not slow in following out the suggestion. On one occasion, a rebel having been captured, the young chief had the tongue of the offender cut out, which he devoured raw, and while the sufferer was begging for speedy death Thakombau was laughing in high glee. On another occasion, when two men were taken alive in a battle at Viwa, Thakombau's brother tried to prevent their being killed, and offered him a canoe if he would spare their lives. Thakombau replied, "Keep your canoe; I want to eat men." He made the doomed men dig a hole in the earth for an oven, and cut the firewood. He then had their arms and legs cut off, which were cooked and eaten in the presence of the men who were yet living. After this, even, he tortured them in ways which are too horrible to describe.

TANOA'S WIVES.

Among the customs prevailing throughout Fiji was one which required that at the death of a chief several of his wives should be strangled, under the notion that his spirit would want company in the unseen world.

THAKOMBAU, KING OF BAU.

The missionaries exerted all their influence to put a stop to cannibalism and wife-murder. They would often go into the presence of a savage chief, and beg for the bodies of the dead that they might decently bury them. They were particularly anxious that when the old chief Tanoa should die none of his wives should be put to death, hoping thus to break up the horrible custom. Thakombau at that time was not ignorant of his duty, and he was persistently urged both by the missionaries and captains of English and American vessels to take a stand against the custom. He promised nothing, yet it was hoped that he would yield to remonstrances and entreaties. But when Tanoa, his father, died in 1854, the missionaries were temporarily absent, and as they hastened back on receiving the tidings of his death, they saw six biers at the door of the house where the dead man lay. On entering they found two of the wives already dead, and Thakombau assisting in the process of strangling others. When the missionaries cried out, "Refrain, Sir! This is plenty. Two are dead," the chief replied, "They are not many—only five! But for your missionaries more would have been strangled before the day. In all remonstrances the other wives are killed, and the pride of Thakombau was gratified at having maintained a Fiji custom against all opposition.

THE MISSIONARIES RECEIVED.

When Christianity began to win many converts on several of these islands Thakombau was greatly irritated. The missionaries, on occasionally landing at Bau, would plead with him very faithfully, but he would rebuff them, saying, "I hate your Christianity." "When you have grown *dalo* on yon bare rock then I will become a Christian, and not before." Once, in a scoffing tone, he exclaimed, "Wonderful is your new religion, is it not? But will it prevail? Will it prevent our having men to eat? Not it." It seemed for many years as if this chief, whose royal name was now Vuni-valu, or Root-of-War, would succeed in keeping the Christian faith out of his dominions. He slew and ate his enemies without number. The ovens of Bau, used only for cooking human bodies, were said to be seldom cool. Of such atrocious deeds Thakombau made little account, saying on one occasion, "White men make good eating; they are like ripe bananas." There would certainly seem to be but little hope of reaching a heart so hard as his. But the missionaries [illegible] discouraged. Though not welcomed [illegible] Thakombau, he yet, in 1853, allowed the [illegible] in Bau, and begin their labors among his people. The savage king heard much about the religion of love and peace. Other chiefs, and especially the Christian King George, of Tonga, urged him to renounce the false gods and accept the religion of Jesus. A series of misfortunes extending through a long period had humbled in some degree the pride of his heart, and he suddenly declared that the Christian religion should take the place of idolatry in his kingdom. On Sunday, the 30th of April, 1854, he caused the two great wooden drums of Fiji, which had never before sounded any call except to war or a cannibal feast, to be beaten as a summons to a great service in which heathendom was renounced, and Christianity embraced. Bales of cloth were brought out and distributed, for the outward sign of a change from heathendom was the putting on of some clothes. The Christians were called "dresses," to distinguish them from the pagans, who wore only the least strip of cloth. Hundreds of the people at once embraced the Christian faith and commenced family prayer. Thakombau, though favoring the new faith, did not become a Christian in heart until some time after this, but he yielded more and more to the power of the gospel and the cruel practices in which he had indulged were totally forsaken.

A NEW MAN WITH A NEW NAME.

In 1857, three years after the missionaries were received, Thakombau having put away his many wives was publicly baptized, taking the name of Ebenezer. He stood up in the presence of "widows whose husbands he had slain; sisters whose relatives had been strangled by his orders, relatives whose friends he had eaten," and made most humble confession, saying, with a broken voice and with tears, "I have been a bad man, I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge

him as the only and true God. I have scourged the world.' This was twenty-five years ago, and Thakombau still continues to honor the Christian name. He and his people have become loving and gentle. They have altogether ceased to be cruel. One's life is as safe in Fiji as it would be in any part of the world, and the kindly people care most thoughtfully for all who come among them. The missionaries who have labored there with such marvellous success have been English Wesleyans, and they have churches, with crowded congregations, on every island, and there is scarcely a house in which there may not be heard daily morning and evening prayer in the family. There are 1,400 schools and 900 native preachers in Fiji, and old Thakombau, the once treacherous and blood-thirsty cannibal, still lives, but is now a gentle, intelligent, and devout Christian, and is greatly respected and loved by all who see him. The lion had become the lamb. Is not the gospel which has wrought this change the very power of God?—*Selected.*

PICTURE STORIES.

We give below the two stories on the Little Shopkeepers for which the prizes have been awarded, as announced in the last number of the MESSENGER, Miss Bessie Herrick having received the first prize and Master Arthur Edwards the second.

KEEPING SHOP.

One pleasant winter afternoon there was a rap at the front door of the quiet parsonage in R——, and when the door opened a sweet little voice said, "Is Bessie at home? I came to pay her a visit." When Bessie heard his voice she bounded from the sitting-room into the hall clapping her little hands saying, "O, I'm so glad you have come, Orrie, Santa brought me so many nice playthings." They marched into the sitting-room together and while Orrie was taking off his wraps Bessie brought in her toys. The first thing to be decided was what to play. They had quite a discussion. Bessie wanted to play lady and Orrie wanted to play store. At last mamma was called upon and said they should first play lady and then play store. Then the question came up, "Who would be hostess?" but Orrie decided this by saying, "I'll be lady and you come and visit me." As he said this he ran into the kitchen, got one of Bessie's mamma's aprons, tied it on behind for a train, and after hunting around for quite a while found a shorter one for the front. After he had tied that on he said with an air of satisfaction, "Now I'm ready for company." Then Bessie came in with a little white apron on and said, "I'm not fixed very nice, am I?" "O yes, you are fixed beautiful," said Orrie. Then he busied himself with setting the table while Bessie sat in her little chair rocking Dolly. Every few minutes Bessie would jump up and say, "Let me help you set the table." But Orrie would say, "O no, you go and sit down, you are company." Then Bessie would toddle back to her chair, pick up Dolly and go to rocking again. Every few minutes she would think Orrie was not setting the table just right and would jump up and say, "Now Orrie, do let me help because you might get tired and sick." But Orrie said, "You are company, and company don't work." So Bessie would have to sit down again. At last Orrie announced that dinner was ready. Then he pulled Bessie's little chair up to the table and they both sat down. Orrie first passed the fruit, which consisted of an apple cut in two pieces. Bessie took one and Orrie said he thought that piece was the largest when really it was the smallest. So he took a large bite out of it. After that came the cake, which happened to be invisible but tasted splendid all the same. Then last of all came the cold-water tea which was praised by Bessie in its turn.

When dinner was over Orrie said, "You must go and sit down now while I wash the dishes and clean things up." Bessie began to think it was not such fun after all and said, "I'm tired of playing this, let's play store now." So the dishes were put away in a hurry. "What will we have for the counter?" "O, I know," said Bessie, and with that she bounded into the summer kitchen and commenced pulling away at the wash bench. Orrie ran after her as fast as his little feet could carry him. "That will be splendid, I'm so glad you thought of it. Now I'll be storekeeper and you must come and buy things of me. But I guess I had better take off my train first, hadn't I? It won't be very convenient in a shop." While Orrie was talking both were gathering together everything in the summer kitchen that was movable until there was quite an accumulation around the bench. "Now," said Bessie, "if we are going to have a shop we must have something to weigh the things on. You run in where mamma is and ask her for it." So Orrie ran and brought the scales. "Now, Bessie, you go and cut up some papers for money and then come and buy things of me." Bessie found an old almanac which she converted into money according to Orrie's directions. When she knocked at the door of the summer kitchen the polite storekeeper opened it saying, "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Bessie.

"What a nice store you have. You have candy I 'spose."

"Yes, we've got that, and everything else that's nice. Here is a nice ball and over there is a box with some little dishes in it."

"I would like to buy a pound of candy."

"What kind do you want?"

"Well, I guess I will take mixed candy."

Then Orrie measured out what he thought was a pound and gave it to her.

"How much does it cost?"

"Well, I will let you have this very cheap. You may have it for three dollars."

Bessie handed him three pieces of paper and said, "What a nice stocking you have up there. How much does it cost?"

"Yes, that is a very fine stocking and I will sell it cheap, for it is the last one I have; don't you want to buy it?"

"No, I guess not," said Bessie, "I'm afraid it won't be enough, because I've got two feet," at the same time looking down at them with an air of importance.

Thus they played until every article was sold and it was nearly time for Orrie to go home. Before leaving he said, "Bessie, will you sing a pretty little song with me at the concert?"

"Oh, I don't want to," said Bessie.

"Why, Bessie, if you will I'll get you something very pretty. Oh, it will be awful pretty. It will be a blue hair ribbon."

So Bessie consented to sing. The time for the concert soon arrived. Bessie and Orrie were called up to sing and took their places on the platform like little heroes. They had barely commenced singing when Bessie looked up and saw the house filled with strange faces. She stopped singing and began to cry, then ran down to her mamma while Orrie sang the song through and had the applause of the whole congregation.

BESSIE R. HERRICK.

Winchester, Randolph Co., Indiana.

KEEPING SHOP.

It was the day before Christmas when Willie and Minnie went down the streets, with each two dollars in their pockets. Willie had earned his money by running errands for their neighbors, but Minnie had earned hers by doing sewing for her mother. Willie was looking round the store when he spied a work basket. He asked how much it was, the clerk said, seventy-five cents, but that he had some cheaper ones. "Will you let me see them, please?" said Willie. They showed him one for sixty cents. After buying it, he told the clerk to tie it up good and strong. Willie walked out and told Minnie she could go in and buy her present, now. Minnie stood looking around like Willie had done before. "What do you want my little girl?" said the clerk.

"A present for my brother," said Minnie.

The man looked around a little then he picked up a beautiful checker-board and said "you may have this for fifty cents." She paid the money. The clerk tied it up and gave it to her. Then she went to the door and told Willie he could come in. As soon as Willie came in he asked Minnie what they should buy for their mamma. They soon found a nice pin-cushion, and they said that would be so nice they bought it, and a lead-pencil, a pen and a knife, all in one, for their papa. When they had got out they counted their money and found that Willie had forty cents left and Minnie fifty cents. Willie said they would buy the Saviour a present if he was on earth, because to-morrow is his birthday. Minnie said that they could buy something for the poor and the Saviour would like that just as well. So they went back into the store where they had bought their other presents and bought two pairs of mittens for two poor little children that they knew and then they went home. They went to bed that night hardly believing that they could wait until morning. They were up bright and early; Willie jumped up out of bed and ran to the window and looked down upon the fresh coat of snow, which he could hardly see on account of the freshly painted picture which Jack Frost had made the night before. As soon as Minnie awoke she said, "Merry Christmas, Willie." Willie yelled, "The same to you," for he was in a big hurry and was nearly dressed. Minnie was soon up and dressed and down stairs. Willie has got his stocking emptied. He got a potato at the top and then there were lots of candies and nuts and raisins. Then there was something all along the side of his stocking, he put in his hand and pulled out a flute, then came a ball, and then an orange. Minnie got a slipper with a needle case and a glove-buttoner and lots of other useful little things. Then she got a ball and an orange too, and a lot of candies, nuts and raisins with a potato at the bottom. As the servant was setting the table for breakfast, they placed their mamma's and papa's presents on their plates. They were looking at their presents all forenoon. After dinner their father went down street and hired a livery-rig and they went for a sleigh ride and after riding around for two hours they came in and played with their toys until supper time. After supper they told stories to each other then their father and mother came in and told them some stories; they went to bed early that night as they were tired. Willie woke up early the next morning and when he was lying in bed, he thought that after Minnie and he got through their work they might play "keeping shop" with all their things, so he woke Minnie and told her his plans, which she liked very well, and said she would hurry like everything so that she could get through in time to have a good play. They were soon dressed and washed and seated at the breakfast table. After breakfast they were soon at work and had it finished by nine o'clock. They soon had all their things on a bench which was their counter, Willie was merchant, and Minnie the customer. They had a pair of old scales, apples, pears, peaches, nuts, candies and raisins. They had every toy in the house that they could get. After Willie had sold everything, Minnie played merchant and Willie was the customer. They played on in this way until dinner time. After dinner they cleared up all their things and put them back in their right places. If ever they play "keeping shop" again I hope they will have a good time, only I am afraid that they won't have so many candies and nuts and such things. ARTHUR EDWARDS.

Brainerd, Minn. U. S.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

In a recent interview with a representative of the Philadelphia *Press* a Western distiller, who said "The first thing I remember of knowing, as a child, was how to make whiskey," and who has "been a manufacturer ever since." took occasion to say: "If you want to drink spirituous liquors, which are no more necessary to you than arsenic, don't take anything but whiskey, and get that as good as you can. Avoid brandy, gin, clarets, &c." He added: "I can make for you in twelve hours a magnificent brand of 'genuine' old Hennessy brandy or 'real imported' clarets. It is as easy as turning your hand over when you once know how." He then described enough of the process of adulteration, as commonly practised, to indicate that so-called "pure liquors" are indeed very difficult to obtain, and which, if obtained, are no more necessary to the drinker than "arsenic." In answer to further interrogation concerning beer he said: "The trouble with beer is the same as with many brands of whiskey. A poor quality of material is used in the manufacture. Inferior glucose filled with impurities and acid properties is used where none but the best grape-sugar should be put into the vats." This significant conversation, which took place in a Pullman car on the Pennsylvania Railway, where both the interviewer and the distiller were smoking after the latter had tested the contents of a whiskey-flask, ended, as reported, with the frank declaration on the part of the distiller that "it is hard to tell good liquor, still harder to get it, and harder than all to cure the disease of drunkenness when it is once fixed upon a man or woman." Such are the people who with the fumes of tobacco and whiskey often make modern Pullman car travel a nuisance rather than a comfort, and whose mischievous wares are a prolific source of demoralization and ruin to countless thousands throughout the land. Against such mischief total abstinence is a certain safeguard.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

ALCOHOL AND WAR.—We get to see that through history there is a great deal to be learned in regard to what have been the failures of nations. Historians now are beginning to look up, and say there were great wars at various times—how did they spring up? Who were the men that led them? They look at those great wars that led to the American Revolution. Who were the statesmen? Why they were the statesmen who were always in wine. Look at the great riots and troubles that have arisen. What was their origin? Wine and strong drink, Even Alexander the Great is spoken of as "Alexander the Drunkard," and it is known that he died intoxicated. Historians will soon be able to pick from the history of the past that which was sober and that which was drunken in the history of mankind and of nations.—*Dr. Richardson.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BEWARE OF HARM TO THE LITTLE ONES.

BY AUNT HOPE.

You may talk of the forgetfulness of childhood, but lasting impressions are made on the minds of the little ones; so every one ought to be very watchful how they drop careless words near the ears of little children, for often serious things happen from it. It is good discipline for everyone to have children around them; it teaches them to carefully watch their words.

But how thoughtless many grown people are! They relate chapter after chapter of gossip in the lives of their neighbors, while some pure, innocent little one is near by, whose ears are open to catch every passing sound; and that child, if it doesn't repeat what it hears, often thinks of what was said when the subject of conversation is near. Often children are made to doubt God and his love by some thoughtless remark of a dear friend in the family. Or religious discussions are made, and the child has stamped on its memory, either a doubt of the truth, or a false impression which in after years is hard to get rid of. Many parents make women of their girls before they have had time to enjoy the sweetness of innocent childhood, and then wonder why they don't grow up pure, modest, retiring women.

Watch yourselves carefully, mothers, and do not sow seeds of impurity, untruth, deceit, carelessness, vanity or envy in the minds of your children, and then expect to persuade or beat it out of them, after those seeds have taken root.

Be cautious, friends and neighbors, that you do not hurt the souls of the children you meet. You who have reached years of discretion, weigh your words before allowing them to pass into the ears and hearts of the children. You would not kill one of those innocent little ones! And yet you might better hasten it, pure and unsullied as it is, into the presence of its Maker, than day by day murder its soul with your careless dropping of words, that are not fit for its ears, and which too often help it toward the wrong path.

There is too little thought about this matter; people consider it too trifling to allow of more than a passing word; but the unchildlike wisdom of so many children makes one sad to think how much childish innocence they are missing, and how cruel are mothers and mothers' friends, and how little they think of the lasting impressions of childhood.—*Church and Home.*

CLING TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS.

The friends of your childhood—those who have been friends of your father and mother. There is something for you in them, which you cannot find in new friends, however dear.

Here and there is one, who long ago used to visit you at the dear old home—whom father and mother loved and respected; whose kind looks and Christian sympathy seemed to be to them an inspiration; whose earnest prayers always called down a benediction on the household; whose kind hand on your young head seemed like the weight of the blessing already descending, as he gave you good words of counsel and comfort. And you grew all the more careless, thinking that all would surely be right with you, since God has given you such a friend.

Then, when the heedless, pleasure-loving years of youth arrived, you almost ceased to appreciate this dear, saint-like friend. Gay companions, more worldly, like yourself, were more attractive; for you wearied of being pointed so constantly to heaven, when you loved this earth so well.

But the years glide on. The happy home circle is broken. Never again will you hear the dear voice of that loving father petitioning heaven's guidance for your life journey, which is now far on its way, and already growing perplexing and wearisome. Mother's hair is whitening, and the sight of her without her earthly prop makes you feel what dreadful things may and must occur before you and yours shall be reunited in the home above. You shiver and feel cold and lonely, like a helpless orphaned child who is left to make its way in the world among strangers. But you have friends left. Oh! very many! All full of sympathy and expressions of kindness. But you turn from them all—the grave and the gay—to this dear old friend of your childhood—the friend of the family. You say he is the one I want. He has known us always. We need not tell him anything of our feelings; he will ask us no questions; he will sit beside us and take our hand in his, and we shall know that he knows our thoughts, and that his very heart beat is full of genuine sympathy. He knew him and loved him—not as strangers love, or as new friends, who admire the good traits most prominent, but with all his faults and all his virtues, as only old and tried friends can love, with a love full of old memories, old associations which time cannot destroy; and he will love us—all who remain—and pray for us, especially pleading for our straying ones; and there is such a sense of rest and safety in the thought. Thank God! for our dear old friends; and make us worthy of and true to them.—*Christian at Work.*

LITTLE FEET.

The care of the feet is the great picket post after the child begins to run alone. Watch—watch the little feet that no damp or chill is creeping up to chill the vitals. A pair of warm stockings to each pair of restless feet must be kept by the stove in all damp or cold weather and never let a child stop a moment its active play, until you know whether its feet are warm and dry. You had better change feet covering four or five times a day during those delightful, treacherous, spring days, than to watch a sick bed and lose your darling at last. This is what neglect of the feet often bring the little ones to. I know the task I am enjoining on mothers and nurses; I have had twenty-three pairs of stockings hanging around my cook stove at once, each pair in daily use for exchanges. But I do not know what it is to lose a child, or hardly a night's rest, and we have raised six from baby hood. "Why don't you keep out of the water?" said I, impatiently jerking off a pair of five year old's boots one sloshy day last spring. He looked up at me in surprise, and answered, "How can you 'spect me to keep dry all the time, when 'ar is free times as much water as 'ar is land?" He had heard his brother at the geography lessons during the winter just gone. Never let them go to bed without having their feet all aglow with warmth to their knees, from the long bright fire shine upon them. This is my hobby. Fire—warmth. It will cure ear-ache, stomach-ache, head-ache, legs-ache; prevent neuralgia, white swelling, rheumatic pains, indigestion. Yes, I'm a "fire worshipper" and you will be after you have tried its virtues on yourself and children, faithfully for twenty years.—*Household.*

CHEERFUL CHICKENS.

Cheerfulness is a wonderful element of efficiency among birds and brutes as well as men. A bright-eyed, cheerful chicken is more likely to lay eggs at any time of the year than a dull, languid one. It is more important to secure laying qualities in winter than any other time of the year. This is the time when, eggs being scarce, they are most valuable if wanted for use at home; and when, if they are to be sold, they bring from double to four-fold the prices of other seasons in the year.

I am not sufficiently informed in chicken mental philosophy to discuss it theoretically. As a practical question, however, I know that plenty of the best conserved sunlight and sunheat tends to make cheerful, healthful chickens, as certainly as it tends to make cheerful, healthful children. Plenty of glass is, therefore, exceedingly important in the south side of the hen-house. Much of the moral as well as mental and physical ill that human flesh is heir to is attributable to lack of sunshine, especially in winter, in the homes of the people. An extra window or two in the south side of the house would save many a heartache, as well as headache, by creating cheerfulness. It would likewise save many a brain from losing its balance. Having become enthusiastic on this element of human home life has led me to study it in its relation to domestic animals.

The more the sun shines on the sides of stables and poultry-houses the better. This is true as a question of mere mercy. It is equally so as a question of profit. It is, if possible, more manifestly true of the hen-house than of the "hotel du horse." A dozen hens, all other things being equal, will lay double the eggs in a house having a little window-glass in the south side, and where the south side is not thus equipped with a conservator of solar light light and heat. If there is only a single sash of six lights it will work wonders in the way of making chickens cheerful and healthful, and therefore fruitful. Four times that amount of glass surface is better, and the whole of the south side glazed is better still. It is quite important to keep the glass clean, so that it can perform its office work of economizing the sun's rays to the best advantage.

One who has never tried or seen this experiment will be surprised at the bright, cheerful and egg-laying qualities of birds kept under the influence and advantage of this cheap and convenient appliance. As compared with the dull-eyed, sickly, non-laying hens not so kept, there is a difference which shows that no one can afford to keep fowls without this simple arrangement. If there is only a small portion of the south side fitted out with glass it should be low down, so as to strike on the ground and warm it, and to sun the birds as they lie there to bask and to scratch. It is well, however, to have the southerly slope of the roof, as well as the entire south side of the poultry-house, fitted with sash.

Any person who will try the experiment suggested herein would not easily thereafter be induced to be without the pleasure to poultry and profit to themselves. A short trial will make a convert to the cheerful chicken creed.—*G. M. Powell, in Christian Union.*

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE.

The tidiest and most particular child that ever lived will sometimes upset things about a house to the annoyance of the fussy housekeeper, and all ordinary children are the bane of her life. They cannot, will not, appreciate and pay respect to any ordinary ideas of good housekeeping, so far as avoiding litter goes, at any rate. Their toys, their games, their shreds, their books, are scattered indiscriminately around. As soon as a child is old enough to play about in most homes a sort of quiet warfare between the housekeeper and that child commences. The greatest love may prompt the mother, yet all but unconsciously, as it were, an attitude of antagonism is assumed by her as regards the child's upsetting things. When there is a nursery, and plenty of assistants, of course, the little folks are more at liberty in their own domain. But in the average home, where the children are part and parcel of the family as regards the use of the common living rooms, their want of order will cause more or less disturbance. Happy the mother who has the wisdom and good sense not to be disturbed by their litterings. Who with equanimity can see the dining-room chairs converted into railway trains, and composedly survey the marks of little fingers on the furniture. Unbridled license will ruin the temper and disposition of any child; but sympathy for and patience with their desire to find themselves amusement, will lead any housekeeper to put up with a good deal of annoyance from them.—*Christian at Work.*

An Exquisite "Wash Rag."—The ladies in the suburbs of Newark, N. J., have been visited by a good-looking young man, who could talk fluently about pictures and art. He had seeds for sale, each of which would produce a plant, with a most beautiful red, white, and yellow flower. As each flower opened it would disclose—of all things in the world—an exquisite "Wash Rag." Some sales were made at six seeds for a dollar, each seed warranted to produce three wash rags. One lady wrote us that, at that price, the flowers ought to produce lace pocket handkerchiefs; but some people are unreasonable. It is said that the wealthy persons of the neighborhood were pretty generally victimized. As the seeds are said to be somewhat like those of the pumpkin, but black, we suppose they may be those of the old "Dish Cloth," or "Bonnet Gourd," or "sponge Cucumber" (*Luffia*) which we figured several years ago. The cucumber-like fruit, when ripe, has a net-work of fibres, which may be used in place of a sponge. But wash rags in the flowers!—*American Agriculturist.*

Corn Cake.—One cup Indian meal, one-half cup flower, one cup sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon salt, two of sugar, one of cream tartar, half teaspoon soda. To be well beaten; bake in a hot oven about forty minutes.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

A very little thing am I,
Not found in ocean, earth, or sky;
Who'll find me out? who'll guess? who'll try?

Me do the vivid lightnings bring.
And without me the fierce Fire King
Is nothing but a shapeless thing.

Yet in the frigid arctic clime
You'll find me in the ice and rime,
And in the iceberg's height sublime.

You hear me in the winds that wail
When driving wintry ice and hail
To shiver rigging, ship, and sail.

You'll see me in the sunshine bright
That glitters in the lily white,
And in the flick'ring faint moonlight.

You'll spy me in your birthday gift,
And in the rippling river swift.
That issues from the hill-side rift.

Within the rain that feeds the ground,
And in the ship that's homeward bound,
And in deep tin mines am I found.

Seek me in china, not in delf;
And when you've guessed, quick-witted elf,
You'll find I'm not unlike yourself.

TWELVE MEN OF NOTE.

Yes, I'm on and rewarded with a job, art. Ho! lo' me win him. At the war Otho mastered Pete Rimal and Jam, especially. J. Oh, no, take this car; I otherwise will go if Juju, Dasphi, Liper, &c, do; there is such a jam, Estelle will be timid.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in cat, but not in rat;
My second is in Derby, but not in hat;
My third is in insect, but not in bug;
My fourth is in pinch, but not in hug;
My fifth is in key, but not in door;
My sixth is in ceiling, but not in floor;
My seventh is in butcher, but not in kill;
My whole is a insect with a voice very shrill.

TRANSPOSED PROVERB.

Elve otn pesle, selt huot moce ot yorvpte, pone iehnt seey dan tuoh aslth eb sfdeiasti tiwh rdaeb.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1, A mineral. 2, A sickness. 3, Shapeless. 4, An animal.

2.—1, A famous mountain. 2, Afterward. 3, Cleanly. 4, Certain insects.

3.—1, A coin. 2, An image. 3, A family of plants. 4, Otherwise.

4.—1, A word often fitly applied to school-girls. 2, Across. 3, To measure. 4, Spoils.

POSITIVE.	COMPARATIVE.
A falsehood.	A musical instrument
A noise.	A meal.
An exhibition.	A coast.
To knot.	A city now in ruins.
An article of wearing apparel.	Certain.
Unbaked bread.	An opening.
A personal pronoun.	A pitcher.
A plaything.	A piece of money.
A box for holding fruit.	Part of a volcano.
A seat in church.	Unadulterated.
Heaviness.	A servant.
An article of food.	A pile to be burnt.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In choler, but not in rage;
In youth, but not in old age;
In happen, but not in chance;
In spear, and also in lance;
In country, but not in sea;
In onion, but not in pea;
In author, but not in poet;
And now I'm sure you know it.
Whole a novel by Chas. Kingsley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 1.

Diamond.—

R
PED
CASED
PARAPET
RESALUTED
DEPUTED
DETER
TED
D

Easy Charades.—1, Germ-an-y. 2, Den-mark 3, Po-land.

Charade.—April, ape-rill.

Hidden Menagerie.—Deer, Bear, Fish, Frog, Tiger, Gnat, Toad, Dog, Ant, Pony, Cat, Pig, Wasp, Moth, Rat, Doe Hen, Leopard, Lion, Ermine, Camel, Alpaca, Owl, Worm, Panther, Sheep, Turkey, Calf, Cow, Goat, Stag.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUT-DOORS.

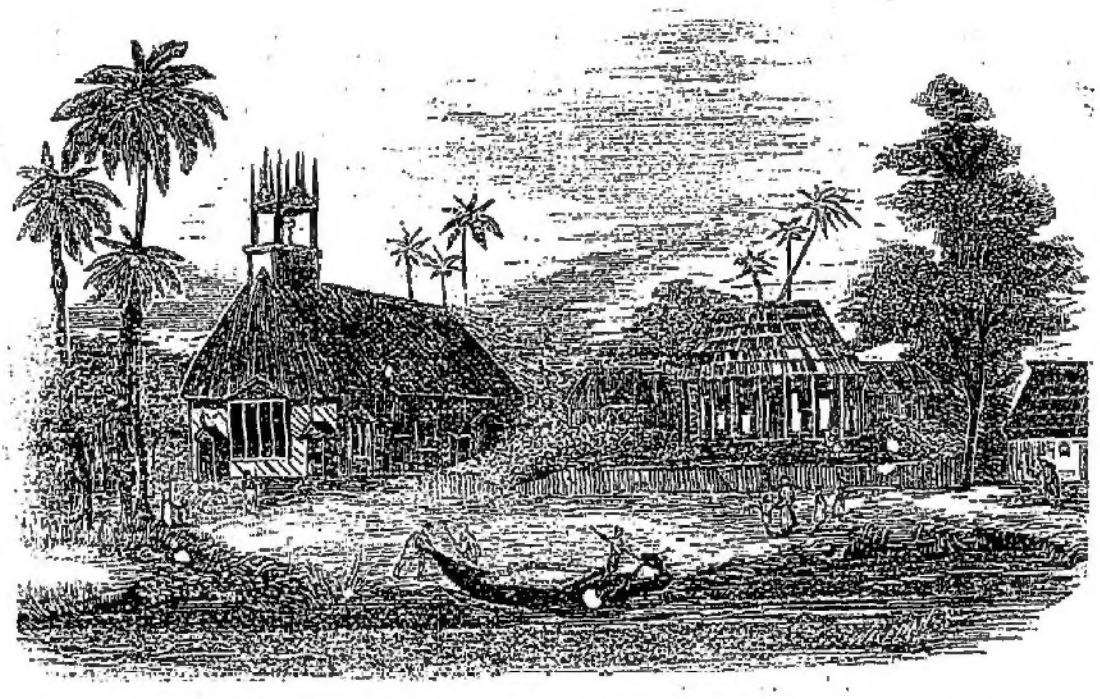
I count it supreme good fortune for a child to early learn the love of mother earth. It is hard to begin that lesson later in life. Of all the kindnesses I owe to the love-guided wisdom of my father and mother, there is hardly one for which I thank them so much as for sending me every summer, when a child, to spend two or three months upon a lonely farm in one of the hill towns of New England. I think the pure and simple happiness of those days sank deep in my blood. I remember no conscious ecstasies in the beauty of nature, but long happy days to which her companionship lent a half-conscious, ever-present delight. I remember the since unknown beauty and freshness of the early mornings, and the boyish races to the favorite tree under which the few great rosy apples, fallen in the night, lay in the dewy grass. I remember the feeling to my bare feet of the pasture over which we scampered through the day like young colts. The little brook where we built dams and raced the boats we had whittled out in the winter; the rocky, forest-covered ledges we climbed to cut fish-poles and gather birch bark and hunt the chestnuts that gleamed brown amid the grass or nestled in half-open, velvet-lined burrs; the shaking open of the heavy swaths of wet grass behind the mowers, and sharing their lunch of dough-nuts and cheese; the "raking after" the haycart, and the excitement of hurrying a load into the barn before a threatening thunder-shower; the making of elder popguns and corn stalk fiddles, and the setting of squirrel-traps; the Sunday morning rides to the meeting house on the hill; the sacred and thrilling hush that on that day lay upon the woods and fields; the falling of the cool evening shadows; the cry of the whippoorwill and the chirp of the August crickets,—it all comes back to me now. I think it has never gone away, but blended with the springs of the life-current. Children are so naturally drawn to nature! They love the grass, the dirt, the water as if some sure instinct drew them straight to the lap of their great mother. Let them learn to know and to love her.—*From The Way of Life, by George S. Merriam.*

HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT

A correspondent of a New Haven paper tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas: When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground, it is anchored and the men, in small boats, proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water is a beautiful light blue color, and so clear, a sixpence can easily be seen on the white, sandy bottom, in thirty-five or forty feet of water. Of course, when there is no wind, and the surface of the water is still, the sponges are easily seen; and when a gentle breeze is blowing, a "sea-glass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box, about twenty inches in length, a pane of glass about ten by twelve inches, placed in one end, water tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motion of the water is overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges, when seen on the bottom, attached to rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds, by forked hooks, which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks. When brought to the surface, it is a mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which, to the touch, feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained, they are taken to the shore where a crawl is built, in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fibre of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand, out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insects to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black, glutinous substance falls off leaving the sponge after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fisherman generally, the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be gotten by the hook. Different qualities are found growing side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.—*Boston Budget.*

WRENS LEARNING TO SING.

A wren built her nest in a box so situated that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother-bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision,



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT MBUA FIJI.

and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day, and several times a day.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CONTRARY BILLY.

Billy was a pedler's horse. Every day he drew a large waggon along the country roads. This large waggon was loaded with tins and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw. He stopped at all the houses, so that his master could sell the brooms and tins. One day after he had trotted along for several miles, Billy stopped where there was no house in sight.

"Go along!" said his master.

"I won't!" said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "I won't." He set his fore feet out. He laid back his ears and shook his head.

His master got out of the waggon and patted him on the neck.

Billy would not stir.

He moved all the harness here and there, and patted him more.

Billy would not stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy would not stir.

What was to be done?

The pedler wished to sell his brooms and tins, and go home to supper. But he could not do this if Billy refused to do his part. He went to the back of the waggon. A gentleman who passed by thought he was going to whip the horse with some heavy thing. Instead, the peddler took a pail from the waggon. There was some meal in this pail. He showed this to Billy, then he walked on and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears. He looked very good natured. He went forward to the pail.

Then his master let him eat the meal. Then he put the pail back in the waggon, and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for Billy than the whip.—*Little Folk's Reader.*

SWEET PILLOW THOUGHTS.

A gentleman had amassed a large property, and people looking on would say that now he could rest at ease and peace. He had money enough. But the man himself found that he never was so ill at ease. His pillow was robbed of sleep. He was haunted nightly by fears of losses and money difficulties, which the sound-sleeping poor man knew nothing of. He did not go to a physician for a sleeping draught; he did something better. He sat down one morning and made out a list of people and causes he would like to help, and before nightfall had given away thirty thousand dollars. That night his sleep was sweet and refreshing, and he always regarded it as a most excellent investment of the money. He had hit on a remedy for sleeplessness that no doctor would ever have been likely to suggest to him, but one that did the work well.

Many people are troubled with serious wakefulness who have no such sums to give away But all can do kind deeds, or speak sweet words, which do good to others, and the remembrance of such little charities are sweet thoughts to take to the pillow. Worry keeps people awake far more than happiness. The blessings of God and His precious promises are the softest pillow on which to rest a weary troubled head. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Child's World.*

BE COURAGEOUS and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.—*Schiller.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOYS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The evening's mail has brought me the following epistle from my nephew, Johnny Briggs, who but lately confided to me his avowed intention of going to sea, and to whom I gave my written views on the subject:

"my Dear unkle, since receeving yore kind Advices of 20 instant i Have decydid Not to go to see perticelarly as the fokes say dont let Me here you Talk about Being a saylor. i think A wild Lyfe Ashore on the planes or Go west and Grow up With the country as mr greely sed would sute Me better Don't you. i Have bot A revolver for A dolar. the Man said it would kill any One at twenty paces. Which would Be bad for A injun. please tell Me what you Think and beleeve me or not. Your nefew.

J. briggs."

Fancying that there may be more than one Johnny Briggs among the families represented on the subscription list of The *Christian Union*, I have made my answer to Johnny's letter an "open one." It reads as follows:

My Dear Nephew:

"Yours received—contents noted," as business people say. I am glad to know your decision in regard to sailor life. But aren't you going a little too far in the other direction? Inland I mean. I am afraid that—thanks to your late course of reading—you have formed a mistaken idea as to the charms of a wild life on the plains. You have read about Texas Jack, and Buffalo William, and Dash-away Dick, and think that the pictures of the wonderfully "wild" life of these fascinating personages can be relied on. They can indeed, my dear fellow, but only by the writer. Those who furnish these stories lie and re-lie upon such subjects with considerable ingenuity. In this class of fiction, as you are probable aware, a hero (?) is a boy who defies his parents, thrashes the school-teacher, runs away from home, and reaches Leadville or Colorado, or some of those mining localities varnished over by Mr. Bret Harte, follows there a variety of experiences with Indians, road agents, revolvers, grizzly bears and gambling, in all of which the hero eventually comes out uppermost, and eventually marries the mysterious maiden who appears in every chapter and who proves to be an heiress with untold wealth.

I presume, my dear Johnny, that in reading of one or more such heroes you have often mentally put yourself in his place. You have pictured yourself arrayed in a beaded buckskin suit astride a noble steed (invariably coal-black or snow-white) holding half a dozen gorgeously-painted Indians at bay with the dollar revolver of which you write. Perhaps it is fortunate for you that this is only a picture. I should be inclined to fear for yourself rather than for the noble red man if it were a reality and the pistol should accidentally go off. These deadly weapons are warranted to kill at considerably less than twenty paces, and so unexpectedly that there is sometimes no chance for the excuse "didn't know it was loaded."

There may be, and doubtless is, something very exciting in hunting Indians and grizzly bears. For you know, or perhaps have begun to believe, that the Indian, like the brute beast, is made to be hunted from place to place, and shot down at every convenient opportunity. But it is a little awkward when the Indian or the bear turns hunter, and you yourself become the thing hunted.

Now, after reading your letter and thinking it all over, my dear nephew, it occurs to me that if I were Johnny Briggs I would take the advice of an old fogy and try a few years of tame life before I ventured on the wild. Stay at home, and grow up with the country. By the time you have arrived at the full stature of a man you will think very differently. And then, too, you will have a chance to learn to use better grammar and spell better than you do now, which will enable you to write capital letters and put them in their proper places too.

The boy heroes do not all run away in search of their fortunes. The boys may do this thing, but the heroes stay at home. There is a hundred times more heroism in struggling with temptation than in struggling with a bear or a panther. It is a thousand times more heroic to fight one's faults than to fight with an Indian. And then, again, the true hero is sure of victory if he fights long enough, while the other kind—well, they often get the worst of it, even when they've done their level best.

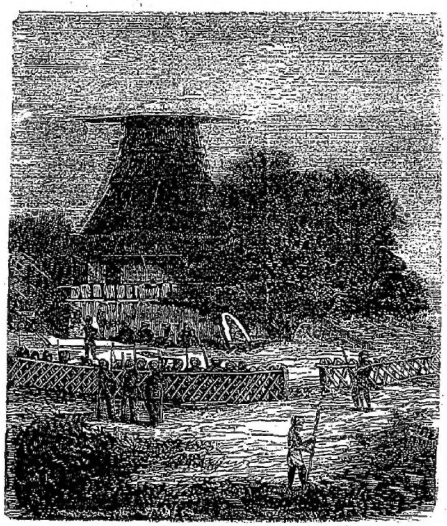
But dear me, how to make you see all this—that's what bothers me. I know that it is all true, because once, a century or two ago, like yourself I thought that staying at home, obeying mother and father, getting an education and fitting to be a useful member of society was rather dull and commonplace. And I was idiot enough to leave it all, that I might go roaming over the world in search of adventure.

Heaven forbid that you, my dear Johnny, should have to learn the truth of my advice as I learned it—by hard, bitter experience. It occurs to me that if I were beginning life as you are, my dear Johnny, and some one who had been over the ground should tell me which was the right and which was the wrong road, I'd believe 'em.

This seems to be all that I have to offer on the subject without seeming to be preaching to you, and that I never do; so I will draw my letter to a close with my kindest regard for your welfare.

UNCLE FRANK.

—*Christian Union.*



A FIJIAN CANNIBAL TEMPLE WITH VICTIMS.

ANECDOTE OF A HEN.

Last summer a friend of mine had a hen which, after laying about ten or a dozen eggs, always wanted to sit. Its owner wished for eggs and not for chickens, and therefore prevented her sitting by taking away her eggs as she laid. Still she persevered, and long after my friend knew she had ceased to lay, he continually found her sitting upon eggs, sometimes two or sometimes three. These were taken away, and still the next day the same result occurred. At the same time it appeared that the other hens had ceased to lay. The owner resolved, if possible, to solve the mystery. Accordingly, he hid himself in an outhouse, having holes in the door. Through these he watched, and saw the hen, which wanted to sit, come down from her nest by the ladder (the nest being four feet from the ground). She then walked about, till one of the other hens came cackling off her nest. Cautiously she approached, and presently emerged with her head tucked down over her breast. She then slowly and with most careful steps mounted the ladder leading to her nest. After the lapse of a few minutes another hen came off her nest, making a joyful noise at having deposited an egg. Directly this cackling was heard, the sitting hen looked out from her own nest, descended as before, went quietly into the nest of the one which had just emerged from it, and soon reappeared with her head again tucked under her breast, and so ascended to her own abode. My friend's curiosity now gained the mastery over his patience. On emerging from his hiding-place he went straight to the nest of the sitting hen, and there discovered that she had purloined two eggs from the hens which had laid, and none were found in their laying-boxes. She had actually rolled them up under her neck on her breast, and mounted the ladder with them in this position, and deposited them safely in her nest. I think the very strong maternal instinct showed by this hen should have been rewarded by allowing her to hatch some of these eggs, but I regret to add that my friend thought otherwise, and killed her.

The Leisure Hour.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

"I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Let every boy and girl resolve to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

The Family Circle.

IF WE KNEW.

BY MRS. MARY E. DODGE.

If we knew from the first what the years were to bring,
Would we ever be able to frolic and sing?
As the future approached with its banners upraised,
Would we hail it with courage and cry, "God be praised!"
If it held up before us one signal of woe,
Though joys by the thousand were shining below?

Could we welcome the pleasures, the loves, and the gains,
If we saw all the sorrows and partings and pains?
Or, if care-laden peunons for many a day
Hung dark 'gainst the splendor of a joy far away,
Would we patiently whisper, "Thy will, Lord, be done,"
As the tardy procession came silently on?

Would we strive if success were not close to the front,
If before the reward stalked the toil and the brunt?
Would we study and delve if the best were not hid,
Or take any joy in the work if we did?
Would not day-by-day effort and yearning appal,
If our questioning hearts saw the end of it all?

If we knew! If we knew! But we never can know—
And, though restless and puzzled, I'm glad it is so.
There's a pleasure in striving the curtain to lift,
But may God in his mercy deny us the gift!
'Tis enough that His love all our limits hath planned,
And the wonderful Now cometh fresh from His hand.
—*Bazaar.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—DRIFTING.

How many letters Amy wrote it would be hard to say. One said too much, another too little, and when at last one was written that was deemed suitable by the authorities, Amy knew that it said nothing of what was troubling her so much. Another week had passed, and Florie seemed more than ever taken up with her new friends, and Milly was so eager to excel in music that they both seemed to have forgotten everything else; and Amy began to despair of ever being able to let her friends know the true state of affairs.

The weather had begun to grow cold by this time, especially in the morning and evening and to stand in the stone corridor outside the chapel door, while the rest were at prayers, made the girls shiver and long for a run up and down to warm their feet. As yet, however, neither Florie nor Milly had gone into chapel except on Sunday; but one afternoon, when they were walking together, Milly said, rather suddenly, "I don't mean to stand shivering in the cold any more, Amy; if we go to hear mass on Sunday we may as well go to prayers all the week, and I shall go to-morrow; it's a good deal warmer in the chapel than it is outside."

"I wish you would come, too, dear," Florie ventured to say. "It made me feel miserable this morning when I thought of you standing outside in the cold all the time—more than two hours.

"Yes, Amy, you might as well give in, like the rest do. Nobody holds out like you, I can see, and I know it's that makes the mistress-general so cross with you always," said Milly.

"I can't help it," said Amy, wearily.

"Yes, you can. Why not come in and listen to the music, and take things easy? You know when we come to Rome we must do as they do at Rome," added Milly, with a short laugh.

But Amy shook her head. "I could not; it is idolatry—all the service of the mass," she said.

"That is because you do not understand it," eagerly put in Florie. "Somehow it seems as if I like it better—at least, I might, perhaps if I had been a Catholic," she added the next minute, seeing Amy's alarmed look.

"Well, the singing is so lovely I don't think I shall care to go to our own Church again. Fancy one old man singing through his nose, and another out of tune, and the music—all very well in its way, if one had heard nothing else; but after what we get here it is enough to make you put your fingers in your ears and run away from it."

"Then would you go to a Roman Catholic church from choice, Milly?" asked Amy.

"O, don't ask me, my dear; and pray don't look so shocked," said Milly, lightly.

"I wish you could understand us better, Amy," said Florie, with a sigh; "If you would only come to church with us I am sure you would not be so uncharitable as you are."

"I am not uncharitable," said Amy; "but I cannot help feeling sorry that you are so ready to fall into the errors they teach here."

"Don't alarm yourself, Amy, we sha'n't do that; but who could resist their lovely music? Just come and hear the nuns sing once, and you will confess it is heavenly," said Milly.

"You need not be afraid for me," put in Florie, "for I don't go to chapel to worship the saints. Esther says I can do as I like about that. Of course everybody must reverence the blessed Virgin, and they don't do much more, so that, after all, there is not so much difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics."

"Who said there was?" asked Miss Gladding, who joined them at this moment. She rarely left the sisters to themselves for five minutes, and this afternoon Amy felt rather vexed at the interruption, and, answering her rather shortly, begged she would leave them.

But Florie looked as annoyed as her friend at this. "How cross you are, Amy!" she said. "I can't think what is coming to you, to be so unkind to me," and the tears rose to her eyes instantly.

"Dear Florie, I want you all to myself for a little while," said Amy, throwing her arms round her sister's neck.

"To scold and worry and find fault with her, I suppose," said Miss Gladding. "I go, of course, if Florie wishes it, but I won't go unless she tells me herself."

Amy looked at her sister, but Florie had turned toward her friend. "O Esther, you know I cannot spare you," she said; "no one can understand me but you. Amy dear, don't be offended; you know how dearly I love you, but somehow you can't understand me as Esther does; you don't know what I feel about poor papa, and how I long to devote my life to God, that no more trouble may come to us.

"Florie dear, are you forgetting that God is our Father, who does not afflict us but for our good?" said Amy, quickly.

"And that we may learn the way of true obedience and devotion. I think your sister understands this quite as well as you do, Miss Curtis, and can see the gracious wisdom of God in removing her papa, that she might come here and learn of this holy community the true way of salvation," rejoined Miss Gladding.

"O, Amy! if you could only understand what I feel about this," said Florie with a sigh.

"My darling, I do. Why will you not trust me, as you always did until we came here?"

"I do trust you, Amy. What unkind things you say! I'm sure I almost dread Sunday afternoon coming," and Florie took refuge in tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the lay sister, suddenly coming upon them, and glancing suspiciously at Amy, who was already looked upon as hopelessly obstinate herself, and likely to retard the progress of her sister and cousin.

But Milly had learned one of the lessons of this system of education only too well, and instantly came to the rescue. "They are only having a few words about the color of a dress," she said lightly; and then, to divert the attention of the sister from her cousins, she said, "When do you think you can teach me that new stitch in embroidery, sister? Our class are going to embroider some cushions for the altar, and I want to help."

They had walked on while they were talking, but the lay sister glanced back several times, as though she only half believed Milly's account of her cousin's tears.

In a few minutes Milly joined them again, and Amy instantly exclaimed, "O, Milly! how could you do such a thing?"

"My dear, they all do it. Haven't you found that out yet? Why, how ever could anybody live here without telling fibs? Why they teach you themselves it's part of the true obedience! Lying, like music is taught to perfection here."

"Miss Curtis! how can you say such things!" exclaimed Esther Gladding indignantly.

Milly bowed with mock humility. "I beg your pardon; lying is a vulgar word, and so shocking to one's sense of propriety; but here it is brought to the perfection of a fine art, and called true obedience," she said mockingly.

"Milly! how dare you?" said Florie, drying her tears in her anger.

"No heroics now, Florie, I beseech you; and pray let us drop this discussion. I'm sure our Sunday afternoons are getting to be quite miserable, when they ought to be jolly—the only day in the week we can talk to each other."

"But I cannot drop this without contradicting you about our Church teaching people to tell falsehoods," said Miss Gladding, with dignity.

"Well, we'll leave the excellent plan she has of believing us all so bad that we cannot be trusted with the use of our tongues," said Milly; "and just see what she actually says! Sister Catherine has been reading to us again the 'Constitutions and Exercises' of the order of Jesuits, to which this convent belongs."

"Does this belong to the Jesuits?" interrupted Amy.

"Of course it does my dear. Almost all the convent schools in America belong to that order, and—"

"They are the most learned and devoted of all orders," said Miss Gladding, interrupting Milly again.

"Yes, so devoted that they are actually bound to believe and teach that black is white if the Church orders it—of course it means that things may and ought to be represented just opposite to what they are, if the Church thinks it will serve her purpose to have them so taught. We must not trust even the evidence of our own senses, against the teaching of the Church."

"And you say that Sister Catherine read this?" asked Miss Gladding.

"Yes, of course she did, one supper-time, in the refectory."

"Well, it just shows how you Protestants misunderstand everything about us. I am sure no one read anything like what you say."

A few days afterward, however, it was proved that Milly spoke truthfully in this instance for Amy was paying attention to what was being read, and heard, most distinctly, the following sentence, which is taken from "The Exercises," the authorized exposition of the moral principles of the order of Jesuits:

"In order that we may altogether be of the same mind and in conformity with the Church herself, if she shall have defined anything to be black, which to our eyes appears to be white, we ought, in the same way, to pronounce it to be black. That we may in all things attain to the truth that we may not err in anything, we ought ever to hold it as a fixed principle that what I see to be white I shall believe it to be black if the hierarchical Church define it to be so."

"Now, then, who was right about the use of our eyes?" whispered Milly, during the recreation time that followed supper.

"It applies to our conscience as well as to our eyes," said Amy.

"Of course; and Augusta Crane has learned it to perfection. I don't believe—" But Milly's speech was summarily brought to conclusion by the lay sister on guard, and Amy was severely reprimanded for speaking to one in another class.

Poor Amy! If it had not been that she took a real delight in her lessons, her life at this time would have been very miserable; for, in spite of the rules that regulated everything in the house, there were a thousand ways by which the sisters could let her know that she was an object of suspicion and dislike; but the one that Amy felt most keenly was the curtailment of her music lessons.

At first Sister Magdalen was too much occupied with other pupils to give that undivided attention to Amy that she did at first, and that her position in the school demanded; then she was allowed to practise alone, or under one of the novices, and at last, when it came to her turn to practise, the pianos were all said to be occupied, and she was ordered to do something else, or, if she did by chance get an opportunity of practising, it was so broken in upon, and she was asked to exchange instruments with another girl so often, that she knew she was making no progress in what she had intended should be her chief object of study.

Once she had ventured to appeal to Sister Magdalen about this, and said, with tears in her eyes, "I am so anxious to fit myself for a teacher of music, that I may help my mother by and by, for papa's death has left us very poor."

"My child, there are others quite as anxious as you to do the same thing, for many of our pupils are poor; but while they will use their talent to win their daily bread, they will also devote it to the service of God and his holy Church; but you—you do not believe in a God at all, I hear," said the nun, with a look of aversion that ill became her sweet, calm face.

"Sister Magdalen, who could have told you such a dreadful thing as that?" said Amy in a tone of distress.

"It needs no telling, for all in the house know it now. I pity you from my heart for this time of grace and opportunity will never be given to you again, and I shudder to think what your fate will be by and by. I wish you would read a book there is in the library," suddenly added the nun.

"What book is it?" asked Amy.

"'The Sight of Hell'—a most pious book but full of warning to such as you."

"I have seen it," said Amy.

"And was not that sufficient to rouse you out of your unbelief?"

"Sister Magdalen, I do believe. I believe that God is my Father, that Jesus died to redeem me, and that it is dishonoring him to pray to saints, or angels, or the Virgin."

"But, my child, I thought—" But what Sister Magdalen thought Amy did not hear for the Mistress-General came into the room at that moment and ordered Amy to leave it. But there had been a change in Sister Magdalen's face, she could see while she was speaking—a look of wondering surprise and pity—and Amy hoped she might yet be able to obtain the benefit of her instruction again.

In this, however, she was disappointed. She saw Sister Magdalen more seldom than ever from this time, and she knew that she must give up all hope of improvement in music while she was in the convent school. This was more bitter because she saw girls with less ability and less incentive to learn than she had making rapid progress. Milly was one of these. She was now quite a showy performer, going through a difficult and brilliant piece of music with ease; and Florie was no less skillful, although the music chosen for her was of a different character, more quiet and solid, and she was often told she would be able to play an organ by and by. All these things were hard to bear, and Amy fretted and worried herself over them—the more so, perhaps, because there was no one to whom she could unburden herself, either by word or by letter.

They were urged to write to their friends frequently, and they did so, but the letters told nothing of their real life, although they entered into details of the progress made in various branches of study.

Once Amy ventured to tell her mother that she was making no progress in music, as she had so few opportunities of practice; but the letter lay for a week in the Spiritual Mother's charge, and was then returned to her.

All the letters that came for them, too, were opened before they received them, and Amy had a keen suspicion that they did not receive all that was sent, for her mother several times asked why questions had not been answered, that Amy had never heard of before. All her mother's letters were very short, too, and came at uncertain intervals, and were not at all the sort of letters she expected to receive from her mother, who was an earnest Christian woman, and yet seemed suddenly to have forgotten her children's spiritual interests, and concerned herself only about their material wants and progress.

All this was a mystery that Amy could not penetrate; but she lay and thought of it in bed, while Sister Ursula was repeating her long string of prayers aloud—prayers she could not join in, but which she had heard so repeatedly that she knew some of them by heart almost, against her will. One, from the "Rosary of the Blessed Virgin," which Sister Ursula often used, was firmly imprinted on her memory.

"Hail! holy Queen Mother of Mercy, our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished daughters of Eve—to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears; turn thou, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile, show to us thy Son Jesus. O most clement, most pious, and most sweet Virgin Mary! Pray for us, O holy mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

Nearly all the prayers were of this order. Mary was the advocate to pray for her Son to have mercy upon sinners, and the Lord Jesus was represented as turning a deaf ear to their cry, unless urged to have mercy upon them by the continual intercession of his mother. She was the fountain of mercy, and had to wring it from her hard stern Son, who was so unwilling to save any who persumed to come to him, that he pushed them away, and it was only by importunities of his mother that he condescended to save any.

This was the unspoken but actual belief growing out of such prayers as they were continually obliged to hear, and it was being gradually adopted by many a young opening mind who yet went by the name of "Protestant," and only joined in the actual worship for the sake of the music, or to avoid standing two hours in the cold outside the chapel door.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF THE MISSIONARY DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

BY REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, D. D.

As is well known, Dr. Judson was the son of Christian parents, his father, for many years, having been a faithful minister of the gospel. He was born in Malden, Mass., Aug. 9, 1788, and entered Brown University at the age of sixteen, being sufficiently advanced in his studies to become a member of the sophomore class, and graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1807. When he entered college he cherished the most ambitious expectations with regard to his future worldly career. A religious life, he felt, would stand in the way of the gratification of his ambition, and he decided that he did not want to become a Christian. To those who are familiar with the religious condition of the country in the early part of this century, it is needless to say that French infidelity was insidiously making its way through all classes of society. Young men, in our colleges especially, prided themselves on being "free-thinkers." In Brown University, there was, at this time, a student of remarkable brilliancy as a scholar, accomplished in manners, full of wit and sarcasm, the charm of every social circle in which he moved. He had become tinctured with the poison of French infidelity, and was an open and avowed deist. So fine a student as Judson was, and with tastes congenial with those of this skeptic, it is no matter for wonder that a strong friendship sprang up between the two. They encouraged each other in loose views on the Christian faith, and congratulated themselves that they were not the galling chains of the superstition which held in bondage so many of their friends and acquaintances. When the question of a profession came up for their serious considerations, two courses opened before them; one was the law as presenting a sphere within which to gratify their worldly ambition, the other was the stage, either to become actors or writers of plays.

A few months after his graduation he took up his temporary abode in New York, and for a short time, was actually connected with a theatrical company. We are told that about the time he left college, "he had unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on his own destruction. His mother was none the less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him wherever he went.

How long he continued his relation to the theatrical company to which we have alluded, we have no means of knowing. It was, however, but for a brief period. While carrying out a purpose he had for some time, cherished, of travelling through certain sections of the Northern States, he reached one night a country inn. It was full of guests and the landlord expressed his regret that he was under the necessity of placing him in a room adjoining one in which there was a young man who was very sick, and, perhaps, might soon die. He was assured that so far as he was concerned it would be no disturbance, at the same time, expressing his sympathy with his neighbor in his sufferings, and expressing the hope that the fears of his landlord might not be realized. When his host had left him to the solitude of his chamber and he could not help hearing the sounds of pain and the movements of the watchers by the bedside of the sufferer in the next room, he was conscious of emotions with which, in his skepticism, he had supposed it was not possible for him to be troubled. The landlord had told him that probably the young man could not live. Involuntary the question arose, was he prepared to die? And then the thought flitted through his mind, "What a question that is for one to ask, who professes to believe that no special preparation is needed to die. To die, what is it but a cessation of being, a return, without doubt, to a state of annihilation?" Still the enquiry forced itself upon him, whether there was not something exceedingly shallow in his philosophy, if he could, for one moment, feel uneasiness about a matter which he would fain make himself believe was of no sort of consequence. And then he thought of his fellow-skeptics in college, especially his witty, accomplished friend E., what sport he would make of his fears and laugh at him for cherishing for an instant, even a faint belief in his old father's gloomy creed. But in spite of every effort to the contrary, the question kept rising in his mind, was the young, dying man prepared to go into the other world? and then the still more startling enquiry arose, would he, who also like his dying neighbor was a young man, would he be ready to die, if he were on his death-bed?

After a comparatively sleepless night, he awoke in the morning. The light of a clear, sunny day put to flight what he was pleased to consider his superstitious fears, and he was almost ashamed to think that he could have been so foolish as to give way to them. Meeting the landlord he asked after the sick young man and was told that he was dead. He then enquired who he was. The reply was that he was a young man who had graduated at Brown University about a year since, a rare scholar, and of most brilliant talents, whose name was E. It was his own dearest, most intimate friend, who had thus passed away, dying within a few feet of his own bedside. It is said that Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, "Dead! Lost! Lost!" were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. All thought of continuing his journey was given up, and at once he turned his steps toward his father's house, then in Plymouth, Mass.

He was now determined to put himself in a position where he could make a thorough, intelligent examination of the claims of Christianity. Accordingly, although not yet converted, he applied for admission into the Andover Theological Seminary, his father having received the assurance from the professors, Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. Moses Stuart, that they would make an exception in his case, the rule being to accept only those applicants who, in the judgment of charity, were Christians and proposed to enter the ministry. Earnestly and honestly giving himself to the work of studying the Christian faith, he had fulfilled to him the promise, "The meek will he guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his ways." About six weeks after his becoming a student at Andover he found peace in believing in his crucified Redeemer, and on the 28th of May, 1809, made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the church of which his father was the pastor, the Third Congregational church in Plymouth.

Of the change of sentiments which brought him into the Baptist denomination and of his subsequent career as a missionary of the cross in Burmah it is not necessary to speak. The story of his conversion is of remarkable interest, illustrating as it does the marvellous ways which God sometimes takes in bringing a wayward skeptic to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LOGIC AT HOME.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

Mamma, you must let me go to dancing-school; indeed you must."

"No, my child, papa does not like it."

"But, mamma, all the girls in the school go."

"No matter, my child; papa does not think it is the right thing for persons like us, for Church members, to send their children to such places."

"But what's the harm, mamma?" replies Susie, mentally recording a verdict against Church members and all belonging to them; "the Strongs, and the Weeks, and the Smiths, and the Joneses, and Lillie Brown, the clergyman's daughter, are all in it. Every one goes, mamma."

"Mamma, weakening a little, agrees to talk to papa. She tells him how odd the child feels, doing differently from the rest; how much it may be against her; how she must have associates, and how all of their set see no harm in the thing. Her plea is successful. Susie goes to the dancing-school, because they all do it.

"I'm very unhappy about Frank," says Susie's father, as he walks his room, half undressed, about midnight; "he's out almost every night till after twelve; I wish you would speak to him. And he never goes to church.

"Why don't you speak to him yourself?" is the reply of Frank's mother. "A father is the natural person to talk to a young man. Frank's not a child."

There is more discussion about it, with a little tendency on the part of each to lay the blame on the other, Frank's father does not tell, however, what he happens to know about Frank's fashionable friends as theatre-goers, and about certain "troubles" in which some of them have become involved that promised badly for them as business men and as husbands.

At length he makes up his mind to speak to Frank.

"Frank, my boy, why do you go out every evening and stay so late as this?"

"Why, father, it is not so very late; it is barely twelve o'clock."

"That is late enough, and you are out almost every night."

"Well, father, I was with my friends. In fact, I came away and left some of them behind me."

"Frank, I want to tell you, you ought not to go to many of the places that your friends frequent. It is not right for you."

"Why, father? Everybody does it. I'd be odd if I didn't go. All the fellows we know go. Charlie Strong and Harry Weeks were with me this evening."

"No matter, my son; you are to do right, no matter what others do."

"But, father, one cannot but have friends. You don't want me to be odd and unsocial. Mother said I must keep my set of acquaintances."

And Frank's father retires from the discussion, silenced and mortified to think that his influence over Frank is gone. He abdicated long ago in favor of "the set," and "the set" felt no responsibility. It needed one more to share the pleasures—and the cost of them. It recognized Frank's capacity for these ends. It had not promised, on Frank's behalf, to renounce the pomps and vanities of this world. It cared very little whether Frank did well or ill, if he filled his place in the set. It did talk a good deal when Frank began to take too much wine and "make a fool of himself." The Strongs turned the cold shoulder to him, and when Frank went off and married a—well, a lady, to whom the "set" had introduced him at a supper, the "set" expressed its sympathy in the impressive and touching words, "We always thought Frank a fool."—*Presbyterian.*

EVERY CHRISTIAN of whatever distinctive name, in proportion as he is really influenced by the truths of Christianity, will find, when he looks abroad upon the heathen world, no cause for exultation from the comparison between his less favored brethren and himself; but, on the contrary, his first and paramount impression will be that of the greater disproportion between means and performances in his case than in theirs—that of his deserving many stripes, while they deserve few.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THE MAN who does not give to Foreign Missions (says the *National Baptist*) because there are heathen at our doors, is the man who never gives to the "heathen at our doors." The man who says that "it takes a dollar to carry a cent to the heathen," is the man who never gives either the dollar or the cent. The man who is ready to give for the Gospel at home, is the man who is ready to give for the Gospel abroad; the man who can feel for the need of his remote fellow-men, is the man who can feel for those near at hand.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

85. Of what kingdom was Damascus the capital?
86. What captain of the host of the king of Syria was afflicted with leprosy?
87. To whom did he go to be cured?
88. How did he come to know that there was a man in Israel who could cure him?
89. How was he cured?
90. Which of the books of the Prophets relates the threatened destruction of the city of Nineveh?
91. In which of the Psalms is the Word or the Law of God mentioned in every verse except one or two?
92. Of what empire was Nineveh the capital?
93. At whose prayer was the army of the king of Syria struck with blindness?
94. What is the first military expedition recorded of Saul?
95. How old was the daughter of Jairus whom Christ raised from the dead?
96. What inscription was put above Christ's head on the cross and in what language was it written?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Great teacher of the Gentile race,
Apostle tried and true,
Unearthly gleams of heavenly grace
Upon the earthly path we trace,
Which Silas trod with you.

1. Fast bound within this house of shame,
Your midnight hymn you sing,
And the glad tidings here proclaim,
Preaching all night the saving name
Of Christ, the anointed King.

2. Fair shines this city on her height,
Though idol fanes are there;
What wonder that your spirit's might
Is stirred to shed on darkness light,
The Unknown to declare.

3. False Dian totters on her throne,
Though crafty craftsmen roar;
Though lawless tongues her greatness own,
And tumult into this hath grown,
Her deadly reign is o'er.

4. With this loved friend in Rome at last,
An aged prisoner waits,
Till, toils and pains behind him cast,
Tumult and peril overpast,
He reach the eternal gates.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

61. On mount Ararat. Gen. viii. 4.
62. From Mount Lebanon. 1 Kings v. 6.
63. Pisgah. Deut. xxxiv. 1.
64. Nebo. Deut. xxxiv. 1.
65. Gideon. Judges vii. 1.
66. Saul and Jonathan. 1 Sam. xxxi. 1, 6.
67. Mount Carmel. 1 Kings xviii. 20.
68. South of the bay of Acre.
69. A Theocracy.
70. Samuel. 1 Sam. viii.
71. On Mount Moriah. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
72. On Mount Horeb. Ex. iii. 1.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Ruth. 2, Esther. 3, Daniel. 4, Ezekiel. 5, Ezra. 6, Malachi. 7, Ecclesiastes. 8, Revelation.—*Redeemer.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—Abram A. Halsey, 5.

To No. 4.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Sarah McKinnon, 12 ac; Alexander G Burr, 12 ac; Annie L. Burr, 12 ac; G. McK. Campbell, 11; M. Dimma, 10; Otis Shaw, 5; Albert Shaw, 1.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.

May 7, 1882.] [Mark 7: 24-37.

SUFFERERS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 29-30.

24. And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid.

25. For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet:

26. The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

27. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs.

28. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29. And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

30. And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

31. And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the Sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.

32. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.

33. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue;

34. And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

35. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

36. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it;

37. And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works."—Ps 145: 9.

TOPIC.—Christ's Pity and Power.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A MOTHER'S PLEADING ANSWERED. 2. SPEECH AND HEARING RESTORED.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Places.—The coasts of Tyre and Sidon; Decapolis.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—Our Lord did not go up to the Passover this year. His life was not safe at Jerusalem (John 7: 1), and his time to die had not yet come. Both he and his apostles needed rest. He therefore left Capernaum and went to the northern borders of Galilee to escape for a while the crowds that followed him.

I. A MOTHER'S PLEADING ANSWERED. (24-30.) V. 24. TYRE AND SIDON—cities of Phœnicia, on the Mediterranean. V. 25. A CERTAIN WOMAN—Matthew says she was a Canaanite. Matt. 15: 22 V. 26. A GREEK—in language. A SYROPHENICIAN—a Phenician of the Syrian coast by race. Though a heathen, she came to our Lord for help. V. 27. NOT MEET—not fit. CHILDREN—the Jews were the children of the covenant made by God with Abraham. They called outside nations Gentile dogs. Jesus used this word to try her faith. V. 28. YES, LORD—she accepts the term of reproach, and with humble faith asks for the crumbs, the dogs' portion. V. 29. HE SAID UNTO HER—at first he appeared to repulse her, but now her faith is rewarded. Jesus says to her, "O woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15: 28. V. 30. WHEN SHE WAS COME TO HER HOUSE—Matthew says that her daughter was made whole from that very hour.

II. SPEECH AND HEARING RESTORED.—(31-37.) V. 31. DECAPOLIS—"ten cities," lying south and east of the Sea of Galilee. V. 32. IMPEDIMENT—literally, "hardly speaking," though not altogether dumb. V. 33. TOOK HIM ASIDE—he could not hear, so our Lord lovingly and patiently takes him aside and encourages his faith by signs. He puts his fingers in his ears to indicate that he would restore his hearing; he touches his tongue to show that it should be loosed; he looks up to heaven to indicate that God did the work. The sigh told of the sympathy of Jesus. V. 34. EPHPHATHA—"Be opened," a Syro-Chaldaic word. What power there is in Christ's words! V. 37. DONE ALL THINGS WELL—he does everything exactly as it ought to be done.

TEACHINGS:

1. True faith is earnest, humble and persevering.
2. Faith always brings a blessing.
3. Jesus often tries our faith in order to strengthen it.
4. The trial of our faith should not discourage us.
5. We need Christ to open our ears and loosen our tongues.

REMEMBER that if we would please Jesus we must come to him, as this woman did with strong earnest faith. We must be tender and helpful, as Jesus was, to every kind of suffering, showing our sympathy by looks and signs if we cannot by words.

LESSON VII.

May 14, 1882.] [Mark 8: 1-21.

THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 14-17.

1. In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them,

2. I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat:

3. And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way; for divers of them came from far.

4. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?

5. And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven.

6. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them; and they did set them before the people.

7. And they had a few small fishes: and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them.

8. So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets.

9. And they that had eaten were about four thousand: and he sent them away.

10. And straightway he entered into a ship with his disciples, and came into the parts of Dalmanutha.

11. And the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with him, seeking of him a sign from heaven, tempting him.

12. And he sighed deeply in his spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation.

13. And he left them, and entering into the ship again departed to the other side.

14. Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf.

15. And he charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod.

16. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread.

17. And when Jesus knew it, he saith unto them, Why reason ye because ye have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened?

18. Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?

19. When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, Twelve.

20. And when the seven among four thousand how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven.

21. And he said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand?

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy."—LUKE 12: 1.

TOPIC.—Sincerity and Faith in God's Service.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A MIRACLE OF LOAVES. 2. THE CAPTIOUS PHARISEES. 3. SLOW-LEARNING DISCIPLES.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—Decapolis, the region south and east of the Sea of Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—The events of this lesson took place immediately after the healing of the deaf man of the last lesson. For three days the great concourse of people continued with our Lord, beholding his works and listening to his words. He had not visited Decapolis except for a few hours at the time when he healed the demoniacs (Mark 5: 1-20), and afterward when he fed the five thousand. Mark 6: 32-44. The most of the people now saw him for the first time.

I. A MIRACLE OF LOAVES.—(1-9.) V. 2. I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE—they had now been with him three days, and their food was exhausted. Jesus pitied them, and once more spread a table in the wilderness. This miracle is so similar in its general features to that of Lesson III. that it does not need a particular exposition. The points of difference are, the number of persons fed, the quantity of food, the quantity of fragments and the time the multitude had been with Jesus. All these things prove that there were two distinct miracles.

II. THE CAPTIOUS PHARISEES.—(10-13.) V. 10. PARTS OF DALMANUTHA—Matthew says "the coast of Magdala." Dalmanutha is supposed to have been on the west coast of the lake, between Magdala and Tiberias. V. 11. CAME FORTH—they wished to find some ground of accusation against him. A SIGN FROM HEAVEN—some miraculous appearance in the sky in proof of his claims. V. 12. HE SIGHED DEEPLY—he was greatly grieved at their hatred and unbelief. NO SIGN—no such sign as they asked. Matthew adds, "but the sign of the prophet Jonas." Matt. 16: 4. But this was not such a sign as they asked. V. 13. HE LEFT THEM—gave them up to hopeless unbelief. (See Hos. 4: 17; 9: 12.) THE OTHER SIDE—of the Sea of Galilee, north-eastward to Bethsaida Julias.

III. THE SLOW LEARNING DISCIPLES.—(14-21.) V. 14. FORGOTTEN—this shows with what haste they had left. V. 15. LEAVEN—their doctrine. It was their hypocrisy that he meant. (See Luke 12: 1.) V. 17. WHY REASON YE—"Why do you so mistake or fail to understand my meaning? If you would but remember my miracles of feeding the multitudes, you would see that I could not have meant that you should trouble yourselves about bread, for with that I could supply you, if necessary, as I did them. Look deeper to find my meaning." They had not carefully heeded his teachings, and he sharply reproved them.

TEACHINGS:

1. Jesus will take care of his needy followers.
2. In times of necessity he will supply their wants.
3. We must guard against secret errors and evil influences.
4. Especially should we avoid all pretence in our religion.
5. Our service must be the service of sincere hearts.

REMEMBER that we need the Holy Spirit to teach us what the words of Christ mean, as we are so apt to misunderstand them. Remember also that the great things Christ has done for us already ought to keep us from ever losing faith again.

TREADING WATER.

BY MRS. E. J. PARTRIDGE.

"Come, children, let us go down to the river and wade until tea time," said Mrs. Pike to the noisy, restless boy and girl, who had been trying to play softly, but had only succeeded in making such a racket that the quietly disposed boarders in the adjoining rooms seemed likely to lose their afternoon naps. But they soon congratulated themselves on having a few undisturbed hours, as Fred and Grace, so full of life and fun, and tired of staying in the house, rushed away, glad of the chance to do what they were not allowed to do, excepting when older persons were with them.

It did not take them long to get down the hill, take off shoes and stockings, and step into the water. And such fun as they had!

They had not been there long, when mamma and cousin Lillie came down, and the long hours passed quickly enough, while they were skipping pebbles so beautifully, some going quite to the other bank; sailing paper-boats and tiny rafts, and wading far into the deep water after them. Trying to cross on the slippery stepping-stones was the best fun, however, for just when balancing themselves most carefully, down they would go with a splash and a scream! But little they cared for the wetting, and soon they would be trying the feat again, amid shouts of laughter, while mamma's caution, "Do be careful, Fred!" was met with the prompt reply:

"Why, mamma, don't be afraid of this little bit of water! I'm sure a fellow couldn't drown here if he wanted to."

All summer these two children, whose home was in a far-off Southern city, had been living such a life out-of-doors as until then they had never dreamed of. On one side of the old-fashioned double house, away in the distance, were the Green Mountains, over whose sombre tops the sun rose so rapidly that the children used to say the shadows were so frightened they could see them run; on the other side loomed up, in the far blue, chain after chain of the great Adirondack range, with lofty peaks stretching heavenward, and resplendent with glory when crowned with the last rays of the setting sun.

At the foot of the hill on which the house was built, there was a lovely little river that was joined, just below, by a smooth stream from the back country, and where they met, the water, after a great deal of bubbling and splashing, fell over the steep rocks, some twenty feet down, forming a pretty cascade. The spray of this little water-fall arose like a white cloud and gently sprinkled the surrounding rocks, where the children loved to play, although it was not a very safe resort, as the river was both deep and rapid below the fall. There was a thickly wooded hill on the other side, where, when the river was low, and easy to be crossed, many hours were spent in long tramps after delicate ferns, and rare wild-flowers for Cousin Lillie's collection.

Just above the place on the river-bank where the children most liked to play, ran the main road, which crossed the river over a pretty stone-bridge. The rocks were high and steep under the bridge, and the river, dashing over them, fell into a deep basin on the lower side, which formed quite a large pond.

Now this pond was a splendid place to sail a raft, and on the day I have mentioned, Fred and Grace had a busy time loading and unloading the cargoes of stones and sticks. They were becoming somewhat tired and hungry, and withal a little impatient, when Grace, in giving the raft a good start, fell into the water, and when she was pulled out mamma had to take her up to the house, bidding Fred to follow soon. He was getting his last load of stones along to a good landing-place, when the raft grounded on a great rock, and after much exertion he pushed it off into the basin near the bridge. But in giving the last shove with his pole he slipped, and without a cry disappeared beneath the water.

With a scream of horror, Cousin Lillie, who had lingered behind to wait for Fred, sprang to the water's edge, but there was nothing to be seen, save a few bubbles, circling round and round, away out in the centre of the pond. She called loudly for help, meanwhile preparing to plunge in after her little cousin, quite forgetting that she could not swim.

It seemed ages to the horrified girl before she saw Fred's head and face slowly rise to the surface. But then, to her great joy, he turned and, awkwardly enough, but surely, came toward her. She knew that he could not swim a stroke, but nevertheless he managed to keep his head above water, and soon came near enough for her to lay hold of his coat-collar. After much trouble, she finally pulled him out, and helped him over the slippery, treacherous stones to the grass, where he sank, exhausted.

Just then, Fred's mother came leisurely over the hill, to see what had detained the loiterers so long. One glance brought her hurriedly to the side of her dripping boy, to hear, with a terrified heart, of his narrow escape.

"Mamma," said Fred that afternoon, after he had been thoroughly rubbed and tucked up in bed, "I thought of you as I was going down, down so deep, and how sorry you would feel if I never came out of that awful hole, and then I thought of what it said in *St. Nicholas* about 'treading water,' and I tried to do exactly what it said to do, and I came right up to the top, and found that I could move along toward the shore without letting my head go down under water at all. But it seemed as if something was pulling at my feet all the time, and it was awfully hard to get over to Lillie. If she hadn't grabbed me, I think I'd have had to go down again, because I was so tired. I say, Lill, don't cry now! I'm all right—don't you see?—and you were just splendid!"

Fred was quite a hero for the remainder of the summer, and he never tired of telling his adventure.—*St. Nicholas.*

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